

The Press and Banner

ABBEVILLE, S. C.

Published every Wednesday at \$2 a year in advance.

Wednesday, Feb. 27, 1901.

Special Rates to Washington.

On account of the inauguration of President McKinley, the Southern Railway announces special rates to Washington for individuals (single tickets), one first-class fare for the round trip; for regularly organized military companies and brass bands in uniform accompanying a band of twenty-five or more on one ticket, still lower rates. Tickets to be sold March 1st, 2nd and 3rd, good to return until March 9th, 1901.

Southern Railway is the great through trunk line between the South and Washington and passengers via this line have every advantage of most modern and comfortable service and accommodations. Dining cars and Pullman sleeping cars, with Pullman baggage service, are available on all scheduled trains. For detailed information as to schedules, rates, etc., call on or write any agent of the Southern Railway, or write to:

W. M. Taylor,
Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent,
Atlanta, Ga.

Fine Railroad Service.

Mr. R. E. L. Bunch, who was appointed General Passenger Agent of the Southern Railway, January 1st, has inaugurated a service over this railway second to none, and the best ever in each direction. There are two trains daily in each direction, the "Metropolitan and Florida Limited," and the "Florida and Atlantic Coast Mail," each composed of the finest equipment made by Pullman Co. The trains carry Pullman Drawing Room Sleepers, Compartments, Observation and Dining cars and a day coach of the finest make for which no extra fare is charged.

Information Wanted.

William Lewis, a colored man, has written to the Sheriff from Nashville, Tennessee, for information about his people. He was born in Abbeville District and his parents belong to David Gimpsh. His father was named Bill, and his mother was named Nancy or Jennie. His master had a son named Benson. His father was a tall yellow man. He was sold a few years before the war to a man named Barnes, who carried him to Columbia. Afterwards he was sold several times. He is now anxious to hear something about his people. His address is William Lewis, 403 Taylor Street, Nashville, Tenn.

Professional Announcement.

I will leave to-day for New York, where I will take a course in the hospitals of that city, giving special attention to diseases of children and surgery. I expect to return about the last week in February. My books are at the office of the Speed Drug Company, and they are authorized to receive for my payments made on account.

G. A. Neuffer.

R. M. Haddon & Co.'s Forward Movement for 1901.

Realizing the fact that the old way of doing business must give place to the new, we are now adjusting ourselves to the new order of things. Either cash, or prompt paying customers will find a decided advantage in giving us a liberal share of their trade.

Hams, Hams.

You can get the very best sugar cured hams at Haddon Bros. for 12c per lb. Even one guest can eat a ham, and a whole one, we cut them for you. We always have a lot of fresh pork sausage on hand. Something nice. Try them and be convinced. Haddon Bros. You can always get fresh oysters at Haddon Bros. Give them a trial. Phone 29.

March 3rd, at the A. B. Church.

Service at the Associate Reformed Presbyterian church, next Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock. Subject for the morning sermon, "How to Lighten the Burden." The hour for the evening service will be 7 o'clock. The public is cordially invited to all services.

The Best Paper Shell Pencils.

We have placed our Pencils on the D. P. Book Store—25 cents per dozen. This is the time to plant.

Shoe Bargain.

We have just bargained our Shoe stock and called out all the odds and ends, they go on the bargain counter at 50c, 75c, and \$1 pair. Call and see them at Haddon's.

At His Office Again.

Hon. W. H. Parker was at his office yesterday, the first time since he was laid up. He has been a pretty tough time of it, but is now on his feet.

Eating House.

Mr. Gilliam keeps a fine restaurant at Bruce's former stand, where everything good to eat may be had. Meals are served in the most accommodating manner. The cooking is so good that customers must be careful not to eat too much.

Dwelling House to Rent.

That commodious dwelling house of Mrs. Agnes Robinson is for rent. For particulars, apply to B. S. Barnwell, National Bank.

Return the Books.

Those friends who have books belonging to the editor of the Press and Banner will please return them at once.

Postponed.

The George Washington Birth Day party has been postponed.

New Telephone.

Rev. J. Howell—residence No. 3.

Rev. J. A. Brown requests us to state that, beginning with the first Sunday in March, he will preach at Midway church at 11 a. m. and on the third Sunday at Lowndesville at 11 a. m., Midway 3.30 p. m.

For SALE—Nest five room cottage near corner of town, with 2 1/2 acres of land, planted in fruit trees, grapes and other small fruit. Apply at Bernard's Jewelry Store.

Try a can of our best steak and onions, something new in the line of canned goods. Log Cabin Syrup is the very best in the other markets; we have quarts, 7 1/2 gallon and gallons.

The choicest brand hams, always fresh breakfast strips and picnic hams.

Our stock of crackers is complete. We make a specialty of keeping constantly on hand a supply of fresh sweet and soda crackers.

Coffee, coffee, green and roasted. The very best roasted coffee in this market can be found on our counters from 15 to 35 cents per pound, grinding it while you wait.

It is a good thing to first know yourself before you try to know others.

He only who is "faithful in all that which is least," is dependable in all the world.

That mountain which towers up and defies you has your spiritual health away up on its snowy summit.

If God says "go," He will lead the way, but you will have to stumble along by yourself if you refuse to go.

As long as there is irritation, friction, discontent, there is something wrong with a life and mental habits.

When a man approaches you and begins telling how honest he is, hold your hands on your pocketbook.

The best book on Christianity are the men and women who live transformed lives, in fellowship with Christ.

Unless a man is polite to his wife he isn't polite.

If things go wrong, then let them go wrong. When God wills it, failure is the highest kind of success.

God denies a Christian nothing, but with a denial to give him something better.

Lost—An amethyst gold ring. A liberal reward will be paid for its return to Mr. Payne, at the Carolina Hotel.

Counterfeits.

During the past decade strange people have moved to some of the quiet places of the far south and Brandle county has had its share of them. As a rule they have brought with them a "lazy" neighborhood, and they prospered accordingly, getting good livings where nature was kind, and laying up something for rainy days.

Brandle is also the name of the county seat, one of the delightful old towns where it is always afternoon except when asleep at night.

But for a whole hour one day it woke up.

John Heath was the State's attorney. He was a young man who had inherited the office and the wealth of his uncle, old Judge Bodge.

Heath was looking at the world American fashion over the toes of his boots and Sheriff Tom Price came in and asked if there was anything new.

"Now, Sheriff," was the reply, "I ask that you tell me the only thing that goes on in this office is the clock."

"Same down my way. I'm thinking of hiring somebody to commit a crime so as to have company."

Just then a curious-looking person, medium in height, shoulders bent, hair gray almost to whiteness, face wrinkled and yellowish, entered almost on a run.

"My name is Faith—William Faith," he said. "Used to live in Wisconsin, but daughter's health was bad and I looked for a warmer climate and moved down here. You're the law officer, ain't you? Yes. Well, I bought a small place about five miles out of town for \$2000, paid \$1000 down and gave a mortgage. A month ago I got the rest of my money from Wisconsin and I put it in the bank here. Day before yesterday three men came along and wanted to buy the place—offered me \$3000 if I could show I was able to pay the mortgage off. So I came to town yesterday and got the money, and this morning we struck the bargain and they counted out their cash and I counted out mine and they put it all in a box and sealed it and gave it to my daughter Matilda to keep until to-morrow, and after they left we got kinder curious and—"

"You opened the box and found nothing but paper?" interrupted Heath.

"Old man, you have been uncooled—swindled."

Mr. Faith fell back in his chair as if in a faint, but suddenly he jumped up, exclaiming, "There they go, now! There they go, now!" and tore out of the office after them, the sheriff and Heath following and all shouting at three men in a wagon.

The men evidently did not know exactly what to do. Apparently they first mistimed fight, but when they saw Sheriff Price draw from the recesses of his wardrobe an ugly looking gun, discretion made them get out, and where the team stopped was almost in front of the Brandle bank.

At that moment the excitement was greatly intensified by the appearance of a flaxen haired, blue-eyed and altogether attractive young woman, who was crying hysterically and asking her father if they would get back their money.

One of the three men in the wagon jumped down and asked Mr. Faith if he would talk to the matter over privately. He invited Mr. Faith into the bank, and with perfect sangfroid asked the cashier if they might use the private room for a few minutes.

Miss Faith insisted on accompanying her father, and when he said it was not necessary she replied, with great temper: "You've made a fool of yourself once today, and you shan't do it again if I can help it."

After the interview, which lasted less than ten minutes, Mr. Faith came out with his daughter close behind him. When he started for the door she grabbed him by the coat and said: "No, you don't. Put the money back in the bank—every cent of it. Don't go out with it, or you'll lose it again."

The old man acted as if dazed, but did as he was bid, and shoved through the grating 10 new one-hundred-dollar notes. The cashier looked at them sharply, then put them under a microscope, and finally said: "I don't like this new money, it may be counterfeit."

"They're the bills we got from you," said the well dressed man, speaking to Mr. Faith.

"That's a lie," was the response. "I gave you the ones I got from the bank, and you know those weren't the ones," addressed the cashier.

The cashier corroborated him.

The well-dressed man seemed knocked out and called his associates in. There was a hurried conference and they asked to have another conference with Mr. Faith. It was granted, and the young lady again stood by her father, to the manifest admiration of the gathered population.

She came out with him and steered straight to the cashier's desk and another pile of notes was pushed through the grating.

"This is the money I paid out to you yesterday," was the comment of cashier, whom the excitement was making so nervous that he had to say something or faint.

"That's right," said Mr. Faith. "And you can give them back to me."

"You can't do that," said the cashier. "I only want to see them."

Here Heath and the sheriff, who had been watching the proceedings and had kept a faithful eye upon the three men, came forward.

"You are ready now to swear out a warrant against these men," said Heath to Mr. Faith.

"Father," said the girl, "don't do anything thing, but come right home with me."

"But," said Heath, "we must have something to arrest these men for—we must have his complaint."

"I don't want nothing else to do with them," replied Mr. Faith, with emphasis. "In vain did Heath and the sheriff try to stop him. He had all he wanted, his money was safe in the bank and he was not going to bother with anything or anybody any longer."

Heath told the sheriff to watch the men while he had a talk with the cashier.

"Can you swear that these notes are counterfeit?" he asked.

The cashier paused, looked, flushed and stammered. His self-possession was gone. "I suspect they are," he said, "but I couldn't swear to it. I really don't know. I—I" and he broke down.

"Then you don't know whether they are or not?"

"And to this he gave a reluctant, "No."

When the spokesman found how things were going he simply walked to the cashier and asked for the return of the money, and no one could keep him from getting it. Then, with a bow to the attorney and the sheriff, he said: "Gentlemen, as you have permitted against us, I trust you will permit us to resume our journey," and with set faces they drove off.

Heath and the sheriff held many quiet conferences in the old office,

still be moaning the quietude of the county, but finding material for endless speculation in Mr. Faith's experience, and they wondered what had become of the Faiths, for the old man sold out and moved away soon after the affair.

But a month later an unassigned letter came to Heath from New York City. The writing was evidently disguised and there was nothing on it that could possibly lead to the identity of the writer. It ran:

"My Dear Sir—Some things are too good to keep. We got busted in Florida, having run up against it too hard down there, and we started on a humbugging expedition toward New York, living off the country, like soldiers, as we traveled and we had mighty good luck until we reached your heathenish land."

"There we found William Faith—the saints protect that name!—and he seemed about the easiest thing we had ever run across. We did him up in our best manner, and that yellow-haired angel beamed upon us like a heavenly vision. 'But O, what a difference in the morning! The old sinner can give us all cards and then beat the band. He shoved those counterfeit notes on us and he had us. It took all we had gathered from the whole trip to make up the thousand, and even then if that cashier had known beans from watermelons we would have been your guests on the charge of counterfeiting."

"But the clerk in the bank all was the way he flimflammed the thousand we handed over and then handed into the bank the thousand he had drawn the day before. O, he is a jewel!"

But of course this was not evidence, and even if it were, nobody to this day knows where the alleged William Faith and the flaxen-haired daughter have gone.

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TWO "SPOOKY" STORIES.

A Crash That Broke Nothing and a Vanished Dinner.

When Spiritualism was comparatively new and we were youngsters, we used to hear delightful spooky stories about mysterious actions of furniture and things which one never seems to hear nowadays. I remember one about a table which had guests invited to a grand dinner. The table was spread with all the dishes, but the meal had not yet been served. The family had a great store of beautiful glass, and china, and it was all on the table. For a moment the servants were all out of the dining room, and just at that moment all the people in the rest of the house heard a shattering crash, falling dishes. From the dining room there came the sound of glassware precipitated upon the floor and crushing into fragments, and in the midst of the roar of this wreck there rose to the terrified ears of the host and hostess the high, clear note of the smashing of much thin china.

Everybody in the house—family, guests, servants—rushed to the dining room door at the same moment, expecting to see nothing less than the table overturned and every precious dish on it broken. And what did they behold? The table set in perfect order, with not a thing on it disturbed. What had made the awful crash? Nobody ever knew. Not a dish was even nicked in that house that day. The spirits, so the story ran to us, had just made a terrible ghostly crash for the fun of it and the alarm of the household.

I remember that this story impressed me a great deal more than it would have impressed me if the dishes had really been found smashed, though it could have been proved that no human being had been in the room at the time. I had never before heard of a ghost that was a crash and nothing more. I fancy the astonishment of those alleged people was not greater than that of a friend of mine over an episode not at all similar. This gentleman's wife and daughter were out shopping one afternoon, and he reached home ahead of them. So far from feeling grieved and outraged at not finding them there to make him welcome, he set to work pleasantly to give them a surprise by getting them their supper. He hadn't much in the house, but he set out what he had and placed on each of three plates a nice lot of sardines and then went out to make them tea. He got it made and came back and looked at his table in astonishment. His supper was gone! The plates were there just where he had placed them, but they were as clean as when he put them on. He knew that there was not another human being in the house. What spirit had wafted away those sardines?

This is a true story. There was not another human being in the house, but the gentleman owned two delightful cocker spaniels, and they were in the house. Who can doubt that, as they licked the plates which contained the sardines, they had said to themselves: "Go to. We will make it unnecessary for our dear master to wash these plates!"—Boston Transcript.

Anthony Trollope's Fun.

Mr. Trollope's big voice drowned every one else as he chafed my finger down the length of the dinner table. He had just over got John Blackwood was a devotee and attained to being captain of the St. Andrew's club. What would he not do next? He used to make daring assaults upon the most cherished articles of the Blackwood faith. Blind, unswerving devotion to the sovereign was one of his favorite points of attack.

"Now, Blackwood, how could the death of the sovereign possibly affect you?" he would say. "If you heard of it tomorrow morning, you know perfectly well you would eat just as good a breakfast—your second kidney." It was in vain to protest that in face of such a calamity the very thought of broiled kidneys would be distasteful. Mr. Trollope bore everything before him and prepared for another assault.

The Conservative party and Dizzy were a tempting subject for a tit. "You know, Blackwood—you know you think exactly about Dizzy as I do. You know you would be very glad to hear he had been laid up—for shopping!" Tableau, all holding up their hands and Mr. Trollope delighted with the sensation he had produced.—Annals of a Publishing House, by Mrs. G. Porter.

Egyptian Moralities.

Here are some extracts from the advice that An, an Egyptian scribe, gave his son in the thirteenth century before Christ: "If a man cometh to thee for counsel, let this drive thee to books for information."

"Consider what hath been; set before thee a correct rule of life; and be able to follow. The messenger of death will come to thee as to all others to carry thee away; yea, he standeth ready."

"Take heed with all diligence that thou woundest no man with thy words."

"The man who, having received much, giveth little, is as one who committeth an injury."

"Whoever speaketh evil receiveth no good."

"When thou hast arrived at years of maturity and art married and hast a house, forget never the pains which thou hast cost thy mother, nor the care which she hath bestowed upon thee. Never give her cause to complain of thee, lest she lift up her hands to God in heaven, and he listen to her complaint."

"Be watchful to keep silence."—Westminster Review.

Fine People in 1789.

My lady was as reckless as my lord and rattled the dicebox and shuffled the cards from dusk till morning, going home with ruined fortunes in her sedan chair when workmen were going home from lathe and loom to breakfast. Family diamonds and jewels and plate were staked when the guineas were exhausted, and when these were sacrificed. The amusements, too, of wealthy people were of a coarse and cruel description. Rat worrying, cockfighting and badger baiting were favorite diversions. Prizefighting was regarded as essential to keep up the courage of Englishmen.—Chambers's Journal.

Mexican Funerals.

The Mexicans have a queer way of burying the dead. The corpse is tightly wrapped in century plant matting and placed in a coffin hired for about a shilling. One or two natives, as the case may be, place the coffin on their heads and go at a trot to the grave, where the body is interred, and the coffin is then returned.

Air In Caves.

Certain caves have been reported as maintaining a uniform temperature, summer and winter, of 54 degrees F. They may be said to breathe twice a year—in halting during the winter and exhaling during the summer.

Glenn's Locals.

Hams, shoulders, breakfast strips, oat meal, buck wheat, and fine syrup. Can corn, peas, beans okra and tomatoes, pickles, catsup, olives and can make curries, raisins and citron, spices and extracts. Tea, cocoa, chocolate, gelatine, evaporated peaches and apples. Good soap, 3 bars for 25c. Soda almost given away, tobacco 25c. lb. Try our eggs from J. R. Glenn's fine H. H. chickens, prize winners from state fairs. Sale, women's kid button and lace shoes. Haddon's.